The Millheim Journal.

VOL. LV. MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1881. NO. 24.

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FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions or tigers: for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere.

Anger may be foolish and absurd; one may be irritated when in the wrong, but a man never feels outraged unless in some respect he is at the bottom right.

A man who thinks it foolish to reward his wife's devotion with kind words and caresses is the same one who wonders why it is that women sometimes go wrong.

It is strange how often it occurs that the person who thinks he knows most about a business is one who has never been engaged in it.

The surest way to attain success in life, according to the elder Pitt, is to be as regular and careful to the books you read, as of your dinner.

How many can adopt the dying words of Payson as their own living words, "I long to hand a full cup of happiness to every human being?"

Much misconstruction and bitterness are spared to him who thinks naturally upon what he owes to others, rather than what he ought to expect from them.

To protect one's self against the storms of life, marriage with a good woman is a harbor in the tempest; but with a bad woman it proves a tempest in the harbor.

Neglect no woman merely because she is plain looking; for beauty is to woman but what saltpetre is to beef—it gives it an expearance, but imparts to it no relish.

As the shadow in early morning, so is friendship with the wicked; it dwindles by hour. But friendship with the good increases like the evening shadows, till the sun of life sets.

Nothing but frank intercourse with independent minds, nothing but discussion on equal terms, will keep a thinker intellectually humble and conscious of fallibility.

One of the best rules for getting on easily in the world is to let the mind dwell upon the beautiful and good things of life, and to think as little as possible of falsehood and wickedness.

What man believes that he will do; and if he has no faith to guide his practice and impel him to action, he will only drift—and no man drifted into a good and useful life, certainly not into salvation.

A woman from her sex and character, has a claim to many things besides shelter, food, and clothing. She is not less a woman for being wedded; and the man who is fit to be trusted with a good wife recollects all which this implies, and shows himself perpetually chivalrous, sweet-spoken, considerate, and deferential.

RAINY DAYS.

The spring day rose from her sleeping
In the deep, dim caverns of mist,
With the waiting world to be keeping
Her brief and beautiful tryst;
But her sweet eyes opened weeping
As the sunshine her pale lids kissed,
And thus she rose from her sleeping
In the caverns of eastern mist.

The world hath dreamed of the meeting,
From the first of the farthest years,
But her hand was cold to his greeting,
And her cheeks were bitter with tears,
Her voice was the wind repeating
The pain of the heart that hears;
But the world was glad of the meeting
To the last of the lingering years.

For forth from her tears came flowers,
And out of her grief delight,
And the buds swelled under the showers;
The blossoms, with sandals white,
Climbed up to their forest bowers,
From the broken seeds and night,
But who could foretell the flowers,
Or see in the grief delight.

Careless Words.

Various were the comments of the good people of A—when the sign of Alfred Keith, M. D., was first nailed upon the window shutter. The old ladies wondered if his cures were as infallible as Blink's Panacea; the young ones if he was married or handsome, loved picnics and sleighing parties; whilst the gentlemen of the village positively declared that if he was a young physician, it was presumption to endeavor to compete with old Dr. Smith.

But alas for the interest hanging around young Alfred Keith! Had he enveloped himself in mystery his office would soon have filled with patients, but it was quickly known that he only came to A—— in order to increase, if possible, a very small income; that he had never prescribed a dozen times in his life, and that he was to poor and agreeable for mammas with marriageable daughters to care about cultivating his acquaintance.

But with none did Dr. Keith's voice harmonize so well as with Clara Graham's. Clara was the belle of the village. Her father was the richest man, her mother the proudest lady, and Clara the prettiest and sauciest girl in the place.

The summer-time sped on gaily and rumor said that the doctor and Clara were engaged. The white jessamine flowers over a certain vine-covered piazza at the side of Mr. Graham's house might have confirmed the report could they have spoken, but Mr. Graham was supposed never to trouble himself with anything less important than money, and his lady was altogether too haughty a dame for the curious to risk the fear of her displeasure by prying questions. Had Clara been asked if the report was true, she would undoubtedly have replied "Yes," with such a comically serious face that no one would have for a moment believed her.

Not that she was ashamed of marrying a poor man, as Alfred Keith undoubtedly was; but the sensitive delicacy of the young girl shrunk from having her love talked and jested about.

One afternoon a party of village gossips happened to assemble at Mrs. Jackson's, where the doctor boarded, and the conversation turned upon the visits of a gentleman to the place, who was supposed to be an admirer of Clara Graham's.

"They *do* say he is very rich; but one can't tell now-a-days whether a man has money or not; fine feathers make such fine birds," said old Mrs. Patterson.

"Well, then, he need not be coming to see Clara Graham; for, take my word for it, she will never marry a poor man," replied Mrs. Jackson, putting the half knit stocking up towards the window, in the deep evening twilight, to take up a stitch.

"I thought the doctor here had an eye on her," said another, looking at him and laughing; "but you cut your wisdom teeth before you came here, didn't you, doctor! She would have dismissed you with a smile and a bow like a queen."

Alfred Keith laughed, and said there was no danger of Miss Graham's discarding him; but at the same time he felt rather uncomfortable.

"Could Clara be ashamed of the engagement, that she insisted upon its being kept so quiet?" asked he, mentally. He had told her frankly of his small dependence; but old Dr. Smith was nearly superannuated, and his own practice was increasing daily. Clara had declared herself perfectly willing to share his small fortune; but her lover's pride had often chafed that he must ask such a sacrifice from her. The evening after the tea-drinking at Mrs. Jackson's, Clara met Dr. Keith at a party. She was the gayest of the gay, and constantly attended by the stranger to whom allusion had been made the afternoon before.

"What do you think, Clara? Mary Hay is going to marry young Abbott," said a friend by her side.

"Poor Mary! how she is throwing herself away. Why, he is as poor as a church mouse; and as to this love in a cottage, it is more romantic than comfortable," was the laughing rejoinder.

"I think Mary will be very happy, though; she is not ambitious, and is accustomed to sacrifices. If she loves Mr. Abbott, all these petty trials will be light," replied her friend.

Clara gave a groan, threw up her hand and eyes with much earnestness, and said "Poor little innocent thing! You know nothing at all about it. How *can* love exist through the soap-suds of washing-day. And where is the romance of sweeping from garret to cellar with a white pocket-handkerchief tied around one's head, or burning one's hands and arms preserving time? Oh no! let me marry a rich man, who can afford to keep servants for all this. A poor man, indeed! he would be the death of me."

Careless words, carelessly spoken, but how bitter the fruits.

Dr. Keith was standing near Clara at the time. The gossip of the afternoon before had made him suspicious. He feared the feelings *did* influence Clara, and that she had repented her promise to him. He drew near to her, and said, in a low voice, "Are you serious, Miss Graham?"

"As a judge!" was the laughing reply.

The annoyance of the lover increased, and he said with arperity, "If I was engaged to a young lady who really entertained these sentiments, I should be most happy for a release."

Clara looked up in surprise, but seeing how seriously he had taken her trifling, she answered, as the haughty flash mounted to neck and brow, "And I should be too happy to release him."

A moment after she would have given anything to have been able to recall what she had just said in the impulse of anger, but it was too late. Dr. Keith had moved to another part of the room, and the conversation was soon changed by the party.

In a short time the chafed lover bowed his adieux to his hostess, saying there was a sick child whom he must visit that night, a few hours before he had assured the distressed mother that it was but a cold ailing the infant; but now one might judge that it was threatened with an incipient scarlet fever. Mrs. Jones' baby received one visit more that night than it would have done, had it not have been for Clara Graham's careless words.

And how fared it with Clara? She was unusually gay after her lover's departure, but one might judge that she expected some one by the anxiety with which she watched the opening of the door. The flush which mounted to her brow died away, leaving only a bright spot on each cheek, and an unusual brilliancy in her eyes.

"Why, Miss Graham, are you ill?" asked the lady of the house, as Clara's hand touched hers in putting down a vase of flowers. It was icy cold, whilst the fever spot on her face burned hotly.

"I do not feel well, but a night's sleep will restore all, I hope," said Clara.

But there was no sleep for Clara that night. She reached home in a fever of anger and excitement. She could recognize no reason why Dr. Keith should take her jesting words so seriously. In her indignation she forgot how much reason she had given for offense, though unintentionally; how sensative a poor man is who loves. Clara was one of those peculiar natures, the very depth of whose affection makes them undemonstrative. She forgot that he did not know, as well as she, how bravely her strong heart would battle out the world's trials with him by her side.

The night passed in this conflict between resentment and love, and the morning found her wearied out and weeping. After an hour or two of unrefreshing sleep, she arose and hurried through her toilette. But her haste was unnecessary. The leaves of her music-books had been turned; the plants in the window had the dead leaves plucked off, and placed towards the sun, one piece of sewing after another was thrown aside, and still Dr. Keith did not make his appearance.

Clara felt angry again. A few hours before had he come she would frankly have acknowledged her thoughtlessness; but now, at the ring of the door-bell, the old naughty spirit rose up as she thought, "He has been giving me time to repent, I suppose;" and her manner chilled to iciness.

Although she knew the voice and step perfectly well, Clara sat unmoved in her room till the servant announced Dr. Keith. She arose with the most imperturable calmness, and brushed off the snips of zephyr-worsted which clung to her dress, as if to her own heart she would not acknowledge her excited feelings.

When Clara entered the parlor her lover was standing looking out of the window, with his back to the door. Whether it was that her light footstep was unheard, or that he was determined that she should speak first, Clara could not determine. For the moment her impulse was to go up and place her hand on his shoulder, but pride for bade her, so she only said, coldly, "Good morning, Dr. Keith.

Clara drew up her tall figure, then took her seat, and carelessly turned over the sofa cushion against which she was leaning. "Will you be seated Sir?"

"Thank you, no. I called, Miss Graham, to release you from an engagement, which by your own avowal, was irksome to you. It is not so great a curse, after all, this being poor; one finds out so soon how little such a pretty thing as a heart is worth."

Clara sat with her eyes fixed unquailingly on his face; and except that at this last taunt the bright spot sprung to her cheek, and the lines of her flexible mouth grew wonderfully rigid, she gave no sign of the death throes in her heart.

"You will remember, if you please, sir, that I have before said I should be most happy to be released. I see no chance of happiness in our union;" and she arose and bowed haughtily to her lover.

He had hoped that when he went in Clara would have made some apology, but now that was all over; so coldly bidding her good morning, he departed.

And Clara, poor Clara! she was not one to give way to violent weeping; but she threw herself on the sofa, buried her head in the cushions, and after one deep groan lay like one dead. A long time after she arose and went up-stairs; but to both dinner and tea she excused herself on the plea of a severe headache. When her mother stopped in her room before retiring that night, she was alarmed at Clara's appearance, and sent for Dr. Smith who pronounced her dangerously ill.

Day after day she lingered in a violent fever; and when she rose from her sickbed her mother asked no questions as to the absence of Dr. Keith, for she had gained intelligence enough, not from Clara's ravings, but from the heart-broken voice and look of her sick child.

Years have passed, and Dr. Keith, the bachelor, is a rich man in the village; and the once gay proud Clara is Clara Graham still.

Fall of a Church Tower.

A fortnight ago half of the tower of the cathedral church of St. John, Chester, England, fell with a crash of masonry and clangor of bells. The tower rose to a height of 150 feet, and was a landmark for the surrounding country. An immense crack, which extended from the summit to the base for years past, had, after the rigors of the past winter, opened more widely, and the whole tower had given such signs of insecurity that the authorities of the church had taken steps to repair it. These precautions came too late, however, for on the north side the tower was evidently giving way, and was pronounced unsafe by the builder engaged on the work. The church itself, and the abbey adjoining, date from Saxon times, and the tower, built of the red sandstone of the district, in the early English style of architecture, was one of its most beautiful features. In the tower was a peal of eight bells, the most melodious in the city, and five of these lie buried in the ruins, while the other three are suspended in the belfry by the most slender support. The body of the church has not suffered, except to a slight extent, the tower being isolated from it. The most serious loss is the destruction of a massive and beautiful early English porch and gateway.

The Pennsylvania Railroad.

"The Pennsylvania railroad," says Postmaster-General James, "has always shown more public spirit in its connection with the government than any of the great trunk lines I don't know that I ought to say that," he reflected, "because I may not have had the same demands to make upon any of the other lines; but the Pennsylvania railroad won my heart when it assisted us in the Australian mail service on at least two occasions.

"The first was when the Cunard steamer Abysinia was going to sail from New York at 7 o'clock in the morning, and the Australian mail was not due at Jersey City till 7:39. I went to Francklyn, the agent of the steamship line, and asked him to hold the steamer. He said it was impossible, because he must cross the bar before 8 o'clock. 'Well,' said I, 'can't you wait outside?' 'It might storm,' said he, 'and I could not promise it.'

Now, the government of New South Wales had just extended a subsidy to the Pacific Mail Steamship company to carry the mail from Sydney to San Francisco, while the British government, jealous of our maritime company, had subsidized the Peninsula and Oriental Steamship company, which takes the mail through the Red Sea and the Suez Canal. I desired that our steamships should beat the British steamships in getting that mail to London.

"I went up into the office of the President of the United Railroad company, Mr. Dennis, and stated my case. Said he: 'Col. Thomas A. Scott is at this moment in his office, and we will telegraph him.' So he telegraphed that the postmaster of New York was there. 'What does the postmaster of New York want?' said Col. Scott, promptly.

"'Cannot you hurry up the Pacific express, and get into Jersey City before 7 o'clock, so we can get out the Australian mail?' 'What time does the Australian mail arrive?' answered Scott. 'Certainly at 7 o'clock.' 'Then,' came the reply, 'the Pacific express will be in the Jersey City depot at 6:30.' I gave myself no more concern on the question, and next morning at 6 o'clock the train came driving in, and we got off the Australian mail, put it on the Abysinia, and beat the Oriental mail service to London three days.

"On another occasion they delivered the mail for us at extra time over the whole length of the Pennsylvania railroad, and we had a tug ready at the end of the slip which we fastened to the end of the steamer as she was slowly going down the bay, and we got the mail matter on board, and would have beat the Red Sea line twenty-four hours, but the British post-office would not hold the mail train at Queenstown fifteen minutes. We had signalled them to wait, that we had the colonial mail, and they just went off fifteen minutes ahead, and left our mail matter there twenty-four hours."

Farmers' Houses.

Many of our farmer friends in the state will doubtless build new houses this year, and to such we will throw out a few practical hints for them to consider:

Build with the intention of making a permanent home for yourself and your child after you. Do not build a home for some one else to occupy; therefore have it fitted to your own wants.

Having decided to build, first consider what rooms you want, and then estimate your means for providing them. Don't mortgage the farm for the sake of living in a new house.

Build thorough. Commence at the bottom with a good foundation or cellar-wall, as this is a matter of first importance. It will be cheaper in the end and give more satisfaction to build of good substantial materials, and in a thorough manner, than to build of cheap stuff by the job.

The number of rooms each one must decide for himself—some will want more, others less, but see to it—and if you feel yourself unfitted for the task, consult one experienced in building—that they are well arranged. The rooms most in use, kitchen, living-room and dining-room, should have precedence over those only used occasionally.

So arrange the rooms that the cellar and chamber can both be reached from the kitchen, even if you have, what every one should have, stairs in the front entry. We have seen houses in which the only entrance to the cellar from in doors was under the front stairs, twenty or thirty feet from the kitchen.

By all means make provision for entering the cellar from out-of-doors, for the purpose of carrying in and removing barrels, or anything else.

If possible, the partitions of the first story should be directly under those of the upper story, for the purpose of securing solidity and firmness to the entire structure.

Keep the house well painted inside as well as out. In all cases we would advise the erection of two-story houses. The extra expense over an ordinary story-and-a-half house, is very trifling; and the better accommodations of the second story, especially is, as is generally the case, they are used as sleeping-rooms, will more than compensate for the additional expense.

Sickness in the Cars.

Many persons, especially ladies, are great sufferers from that form of nausea and headache known as "car sickness." A journey by rail has for them all the discomfort and suffering that an ocean voyage has to a majority of travelers. The effects of the motion of the car range from a mild disturbance of the stomach and an accompanying headache to "deathly sickness," with intense nausea and complete prostration, according to the condition and sensitiveness of the victim. In the lightest form the sensation is sufficiently unpleasant to make travel by rail thoroughly disagreeable; in its worst, and by no means uncommon type, it invests this necessary and convenient method of journeying with dread and despair. A simple and harmless preventive of car sickness has recently come to the knowledge of the writer, under circumstances that leave no doubt of its efficacy with some persons; and if the device will work equally well in other cases, a knowledge of it ought certainly to be spread abroad. It is at least worth a trial of all who suffers inconvenience in traveling. A lady who had occasion to take a short trip on the Lowell road—and she never travels by rail for pleasure—was, as is usual with her, as throughly sick as ever a landsman is on the 'heaving deep,' by the time she had ridden a dozen miles. The conductor of the palace car who was apparently very familiar with such cases, told the sufferer's companion that a sheet of writing paper, worn next to the person, directly over the chest, was a sure preventive of the trouble in nine cases out of ten. He had recommended it to hundreds of travelers, and rarely knew it to fail. The prescription seemed very much like a "charm"—a horse chestnut carried in the pocket to ward off rheumatism, or a red string around the neck to prevent bleeding at the nose. But it was simple, and could at least do no harm. For the return trip, a sheet of common writing note paper was fastened inside the clothing, as directed. Result—a perfectly comfortable journey, without a hint of the old sickness that had for years made travel by rail a terror. It was so like a superstition, or a happy accident, however, that the lady would not accept it as real until subjected to a more severe test. This came in a day journey to New York, and that hardest trial of all—a night trip in an "alleged" sleeping car. Both were taken in triumph. The "charm" worked. And the lady writes: "The day journey was a perpetual wonder and delight to me. I could sit up and read, and look at the landscape through which we wirled, and act as other people do. And still I didn't feel ready to confess to a cure until I had tried the sleeping car, which has always been a horror to me. But even here the 'spell' worked. I ate a hearty supper in the dining car—and kept it! Slept soundly all night, got up as comfortable, and dressed with as level a head and as steady a hand as though I had been in my own room. Read until breakfast time—a thing I had never before done on the cars—and I was hungry for my morning meal. It is really wonderful, almost too good to be real. For the first time in my life I have experienced the pleasure of traveling. I wish that conductor to be specially thanked. I wish also that I knew his name. I would like to call the Lord's particular attention to his case, and don't want to make any mistake and have the blessing descend upon the wrong man." If this should meet the eye of the official in question, will he please consider himself thanked? To the scientific guessers is left the explanation of this peculiar potency of a sheet of paper. And as a further possible contribution to the welfare of qualmish travelers, it is suggested whether the charm would not work equally well in preventing sea-sickness. The experiment is certainly worth trying.

"Nunc Pro Tunc."

In the early days of California history, Judge B. was the Judge of the First Instance in the town of Santa Cruz. The judge, like many old Californians, was fond of hot whiskey at night; and would at times, with a circle of congenial friends, keep watch until morning; in consequence of which his brain would be slightly muddled when he went on the bench. On one occasion, after a nigh of deep potations, a Spaniard was brought before him to be tried for horse stealing—a crime punishable at that time by death. The judge, but a short time previous, had a valuable horse stolen from his stables. The defendant was a hard-featured, wretched specimen of the genius greaser; and when the judge heard the indictment read, he took one unsteady but searching look at him, and said: "J. B., stand up! I believe you are the scoundrel who stole my horse. The sentence of this court is, that you be hanged by the neck until you are dead—dead—dead!"

"But, your honor," says the District Attorney, "the man has not been tried."

The judge sternly said. "Sit down, sir; this court knows its business, and don't want any of your impertinence. Mr. Sheriff, see the judgment executed immediately. This court stands adjourned."

The officers of the court and spectators were astounded, but they knew the temper of the old man too well to trifle with him in his present condition, so nothing could be done but to remand the prisoner to jail, until the judge should sober up.

After the adjournment, the officers of the court determined among themselves to have the judgment duly entered up by the clerk, and that the sheriff make a return that he had executed the defendant. Next morning the judge went on the bench sober, and glancing over the calendar, called the case of the People v. J. B. The sheriff replied. "Your honor, the man has been hung."

"Hung!" replied the judge, "how is that? there has been no trial yet."

"No, your honor," replied the clerk, "but your honor yesterday waved the trial and sentenced the defendant, and peremptorily ordered the sheriff to immediately carry the sentence of the court into execution; and it was done."

"Umph!" says the judge, "never mind—let the trial proceded *nunc pro tunc*; all orders and judgments of the courts must be justified by due and legal proceedings had."

The judge was in earnest, the joke was ended, and nothing remained but to bring in the prisoner for trial. It need not be said that the sentence of the court was justified; and that shortly after there was one less horse-thief in that part of the country.

Fresh Water Spring in the Atlantic.

One of the most remarkable displays of nature may be seen on the Atlantic coast, eighteen miles south of St. Augustine. Off Matanzas Inlet and three miles from shore, a mammoth fresh-water spring gurgles up from the depth of the ocean with such force and volume as to attract the attention of all who come in its immediate vicinity. This fountain is large, bold and turbulent. It is noticeable to fishermen and others passing in small boats along near the shore. For many years this wonderful and mysterious freak of nature has been known to the people of St. Augustine and those living along the shore, and some of the superstitious ones have been taught to regard it with a kind of reverential awe, or holy horror, as the abode of supernatural influences. When the waters of the ocean in its vicinity are otherwise calm and tranquil the upheaving and troubled appearance of the water shows unmistakable evidences of internal commotions. An area of about half an acre shows this troubled appearance—something similar to the boiling of a washerwoman's kettle. Six or eight years ago Commodore Hitchcock of the United States Coast Survey, was passing this place and his attention was directed to the springs by the upheavings of the water, which threw his ship from her course as she entered the spring. His curiosity becoming excited by this circumstance, he set to work to examine the surroundings, and found six fathoms of water everywhere in the vicinity, while the spring itself was almost fathomless.

Lessons in Love Making.

Don't love too many at once.

Don't do your spooning in public.

Give your little brother taffy, and get him to bed before your chap calls.

Recollect that a wedding-ring on your finger is worth a good many of them in your mind.

Try to find out by some means whether your intended knows how to earn a decent living for two.

Be reasonable; don't expect a man working for $8 a week to furnish you with reserved seats at the opera every other night.

Don't be afraid to show the man of your choice that you love him—provided, of course, he loves you. Love is a double-sided sort of concern, and both have a part to play.

Don't try to bring too many suitors to your feet. They have feet as well as you have, and you may see one pair of feet walking off from you some day you would be very glad to call back.

Keep your temper, if you expect your other-half-in-law to keep his. If he doesn't suit you, give him the ticket-of-leave. If he does not suit you, don't expect him to put up with your humors.

Deal carefully with bashful lovers; lead them gradually to the point (of proposal, of course), but don't let them suspect what you are at, or they might faint on your hands, or go crazy on the spot.

It is said lovers' quarrels always end with kisses. This is partly true; but if you are not careful those little spats you indulge in may end in the kisses you covet being given to some other girl!

If it is possible, try to suit your sisters, cousins, aunts, grandfathers, neighbors, friends and acquaintances when you happen to fall in love. If you can't suit them all, don't worry, for the thing has never been done yet.

If you use powder, don't give yourself away. For instance, it would be well to spread a handkerchief over the shoulder of his broadcloth before you lean thereon. He will be too green, depend on it, to suspect the reason. If his mustache happens to look a little powdery, there are several ways in which it could be brushed off.

Don't imagine that a husband can live as lover does—on kisses and moonlight. He will come home to his meals hungry as a bear, and any little knowledge of cookery you can pick up during courtship is about the best provision you can make for future happiness.

Remember that nature has put every man under the necessity of having a mother, and that the latter is not in any way to blame if she is regarded as the bitter part of a sugar coated matrimonial pill. If you feel in duty bound to be her sworn enemy, postpone this duty till you know something about her.

Don't seek advice in love-affairs from an old maid who has been crossed in love, a bachelor who has been jilted, a woman who married her husband's pocket-book, or a man who happens to be henpecked. Don't confide in your girl friends; to keep a secret in a love-affair would kill them. Don't consult your minister; he'll have the marriage-fee in view. If you go to your family physician, he will say your liver is affected in place of your heart. If you must get instructions from somebody, why not ask your mother how she used to manage things with your father? True love didn't run any smoother in old times than it does to day, and, since she knows how it is herself, we can't think, just now, of any better way to advise you.

Renewing Books.

The art of renewing books is a most delicate one, and employs all the skill of experienced workmen. When used in a legitimate way, to preserve and enrich some valuable treasure-trove discoved in a tattered condition, a skillful workman applies with tender care a bituminous solvent to its ragged edges, and literally incorporates—by a paper making process—each mouldering page into a broad leaf of fine strong paper. This is termed "enlarging," and is a lofty department in the art of binding. Then the once ragged fragment goes through the process of binding in Russia or calf, gilding, tooling, marbling, and takes its place as the pride of the book shelf. When part of the Cottonian Library was burned in 1731, some valuable manuscripts were by the influence of the fire drawn into almost a solid ball. Some of those rescued were given over to the enlarger and may be considered the brightest triumphs of the art. They may now be seen at the British Museum. But there are other processes of renewing which are scarcely so honorable namely the manufacture of rare or early editions of old authors. This is done by staining the paper imitating closely the decorated capitals, and reprinting accurately all defects. The production of first folios of Shakespeare has been a profitable piece of business. Paris is the center of the renewing trade though it is also practiced to a small extent in England. Apropos of renewing, many collectors scorn its aid, and will only purchase imperfect copies. At a large book sale, where many mutilated volumes had sold very well, one lot found very languid bidders on which the auctioneer exclaimed: "Only £30 offered for this valuable book gentlemen, a most curious book, and quite imperfect." At another auction, at the beginning of the century, an original edition of Boccaccio, printed in Venice, and of which there were only known to be two copies in existence, was sold for £220; and a Didot Horace brought £140.

Imperfect Eyes among School Children.

Three years ago the Philadelphia Medical Society appointed a committee to investigate the condition of the eyes of the children in the city schools. The report of the committee was read by the chairman, Dr. Risley, at a recent meeting of the society. The committee had examined about 2,000 pairs of eyes. The condition of those examined, Dr. Risley said, had proved better than had been expected by the committee. The cases of impaired sight ranged from 25 per cent. among the smaller children to 40 per cent. among the older scholars. The average of diseased eyes ranged correspondingly from 30 to 60 per cent. The instances where any blame attached to the Board of Education or their sectional boards for want of care for the eyes of the children were only two, one of which was the case of the primary practicing class in the Normal School. The room is lighted by one large western window, which, owing to the position of the desks and the master's table, the children are obliged to face.

A Bee Story.

I had an improved back yard. I went through a seed store and bought a sample of everything that would grow in this climate. The result was a perfect tangle of flowers and things, from the overgrown sunflower to a for-get-me-not. Mrs. Bricktop is very proud of our garden, and while gushing over it the other morning, a happy thought worked its way under her back hair: "What a delightful thing it would be to have a hive of bees, and raise our own honey, as well as everything else!" I have thought that woman inspired ever since she convinced me that I couldn't do better than marry her. This was an original, bold idea; a happy thought. I promised her a hive of bees, and went to business with a lighter heart, and firmer belief in the genuineness of home comforts and amusements.

I bought a hive of honey bees and brought it home with me that very night. It was one of those patent hydrostatic, back-action hives, in which the bees have peculiar accommodations and all the modern improvements. It was a nice little hive, none of your old-fashioned barn-sized affairs. It even had windows in it, so that the bees could look out and see what was going on, and enjoy themselves. Both myself and Mrs. B. were delighted; and before dark I arranged the stand for the hive in the garden, and opened the bay windows so that the bees could take an early start and get to business by sunrise next morning. Mrs. B. called me honey several times during the evening, and such sweet dreams as we had!

We intended to be up early next morning to see how our little birds took to our flowers; but a good half hour before we probably should have done so we were awakened by the unearthly yells of a cat. Mrs. B. leaped from her downy couch, exclaiming, "what can be the matter with our yellow Billy?" The yells of anguish convinced us that something more than ordinary was the the matter with him, and so we hurried into our toilets. We rushed into our backyard, and oh, what a sight met our astonished gaze! The sight consisted of a yellow cat that appeared to be doing its best to make a pin-wheel of itself. He was rolling over and over in the grass, anon darting through the bushes and foliage, standing on his head, and then trying to drive his tail into the ground, and all the while keeping up the most confounded howling that was ever heard

"That cat is mad," said Mrs. B. affrighted.

"Why shouldn't he be? the bees are stinging him," said I, comprehending the trouble. Mrs. B. flew to the rescue of her cat, and the cat flew at her. So did the bees. One of them drove his drill into her nose, another vaccinated her on the chin, while another began to lay out his work near her eye. Then she howled, and began to act almost as bad the cat. It was quite an animated scene. She cried murder, and the neighbors looked out from their back windows and cried out for the police, and asked where the fire was. This being a trifle too much. I threw a towel over my head and rushed to her rescue. In doing so, I ran over and knocked her down, trod upon the cat, and made matters no better. Mrs. B. is no child on a wrestle, and she soon had me under her, and was tenderly stamping down the garden-walk with, my head using my ears for handles. Then I yelled, and some of the bees came to her assistance, and stung me all over the face.

In the meantime the neighbors were shouting, and getting awfully excited over the show while our servant, supposing us fighting, opened the basement door and admitted a policeman, who at once proceeded to go between man and wife. The bees hadn't got at Mrs. B's tongue yet, and she proceeded to show the policeman that I had abused her in the most shameful manner and that I had bought a hive of bees on purpose to torment here into the grave. I tried to explain; but just then a bee stung the officer on the nose, and he understood it all in less than a minute. He got mad and actually lost his temper. He rubbed his nose and did some official cussing. But as this didn't help matters any, he drew his club and proceeded to demolish that patent bee-hive. The bees failed to recognize his badge of office, and just swarmed on him. They stung wherever he had no clothing, and in some places where he did have it. Then he howled and commenced acting after the manner of the cat and its mistress. He rolled on the ground for a moment and then got up and made for the street, shouting "fire." Then the bees turned to the people who had climbed upon the fence to see the fun. Then they had some fun. Windows went down, and some of the neighbors acted as though a 20 inch shell was about to explode.

By this time a fire-engine arrived, and a line of hose was taken through the house into the back yard. One of the hosemen asked where the fire was; but just then one of the bees bit him behind the ear, and he knew. They turned a stream upon that half-wrecked bee-hive and began to "play away" with one hand and fight bees with the other. But the water had the desired effect, and those bees were soon amongst the things that were. A terrible crowd had gathered in the mean time in front of the house, but a large portion of it followed the flying policeman, who was rubbing his affected parts, and making tracks for the station house and a surgeon.

This little adventure somehow dampened our enthusiasm regarding the delight of making our own honey. During the next week we wore milk and water poultices pretty ardently, but not a word was said about honey; and now Mrs. B. has gone to stay a week with her mother, leaving me and the convalescent cat and the tickled neighbors to enjoy our own felicity.

Sheep That Travel.

Traveling sheep are another of the institutions of the colony in Southern Australia. In a pastoral country like this there must of necessity always be numbers of "stock" changing hands; thus, sheep and cattle may be met almost every day passing from one station to another. By law, sheep are compelled to travel six miles per day; cattle nine miles; and horses twenty. Sheep are often met with traveling for "feed" that is, the owners thereof, having over stocked their runs, find the grass failing; so they send a large mob of sheep off to some imaginary buyer, some hundreds of miles off, choosing of course the route by which they will pick up most grass. After sauntering along for a month or two, perhaps the rain has come; and there being now plenty of grass, the sheep are brought home by a roundabout way.

The Egyptian Desert.

The moment we leave the banks of the Nile, we enter a world entirely strange and new—a waterless land, without rivers, creeks, rivulets, or springs; nothing but scanty and more or less brackish wells, at long intervals; and in the mountainous regions, some natural rocky reservoirs, where the rare rain water collects in the brief and uncertain rainy season. When the writer crossed the Eastern Desert in the fall of 1873, there had been no rain for three years; so that the first thing to be provided in starting was a supply of water sufficient to last from the Nile to the first well, and then from each well to the next. In carrying the water, the natives employ exclusively goat and ox skins. When a goat is killed, they cut off his head and legs at the hocks and knees; and after splitting the skin a short way down his breast, turn him out of his jacket by pulling it off like a stocking. After the hide is cured, the legs are tightly tied up, leaving only the neck open; and thus a large bottle is formed capable of holding from six to ten gallons according to the size of the defunct goat. These water-skins, called *girbehs*, after a few days' use, keep the water very sweet. In the excessive heat of the desert, however, they lose a great quantity of their contents by evaporation. Military trains, in addition, are supplied with flattened zinc barrels, whose shape is adapted for hanging to the pack-saddles. These have screw stoppers, which prevent all leakage and evaporation. The water carried in the *girbehs* in the sun, gets quite warm, and that in the zinc barrels almost boils. As soon, therefore, as the traveler gets to camp, a portion of water is poured out into open skins and hung on tripods in the shade; then, in the course of half an hour it becomes drinkable, and by midnight is as cold as fresh spring-water.

As a consequence, water in the desert is a very precious possession; for should the traveler find that the well on which he relied has gone dry, it may mean death to him in one of its cruelest forms. In that waterless land, therefore, even the pious Arab abstains from his religious ablutions before prayer, his law permitting him in such a case to wash his hands and feet with sand. As a rule, the water found in the scattered wells is very bad.

The first thing on arriving at a well is to taste its water, and every one takes a sip, rolling it in his mouth and testing it, as epicures do rare wines. Great is the joy if it is pronounced "sweet water;" but when the guides say "not good," you know it is a strong solution of Epsom salts. The Arabs divide their deserts into two kinds. What they call wilderness, being diversified by valleys or watercourses, where their flocks can wander and find pasture. The second is the *atmour*, or desert proper, consisting of hard gravel, diversified by zones of deep sands, rocky belts, and rugged defiles. It is absolutely and entirely destitute of all vegetation. Not a tree, not a bush, not a blade of grass relieves the eyes, which are painfully affected by the fierce reflection of the sunlight upon the yellow sand. No shade whatever is to be found, unless it is cast by some great rock. These *atmours*, generally nine or ten days' journey across, are like oceans, which you may traverse on your four-footed ship, but where you may not tarry, and where caravans cross each other like vessels on the ocean.

Here is a picture of a desert journey with its terrible privations and experiences. It is now May, 1875. The sun is shining vertically over our heads. We are on the west of the Nile, on the desolate *atmours* which seperate the river from the hardly less barren plains of Kordofan. A more parched, blasted, and blighted country than it is at this period, cannot be conceived. It is the end of the dry season, and half of the rare wells are exhausted; and those which are not, furnished only a scanty supply of brackish water at temperatures of eighty degrees or more. The deeper the walls, the warmer the water. The marshes are perfectly terrible, and yet it is worse to halt during the day than to keep moving; for under the tents the heat redoubles as in a hothouse, making it impossible to rest or sleep. Thus we march from earliest dawn often till night; for we must make the distance between the wells before our water gives out. On the burning sand the sun beats down with a fierceness which cannot be described. The barrel of your gun, the stirrup of your saddle, blister your hand and your foot. The thermometer rises to a hundred and fifty degrees in the sun; and in spite of the protection of your white helmet, a heavy silk scarf over it, and the umbrella you carry, your skin peels off in blisters, and your brain almost boils in your skull.

Things Worth Knowing.

That boiling water will remove tea stains and many fruit stains; pour the water through the stain, and thus prevent it from spreading over the fabric. That ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth; also from the hands. That a teaspoonful af turpentine, boiled with white clothes, will aid the whitening process. That boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little spermaceti or a little salt, or both, or a little gum arabic dissolved. That beeswax and salt will make flat-irons as clean and smooth as glass; tie a lump of wax in a rag, and keep it for that purpose; when the irons are hot, rub them with the wax rag, then scour with a paper or rag sprinkled with salt. That kerosene will soften boots or shoes which have been hardened by water, and render them as pliable as when new. That kerosene will make tin tea-kettles as bright as new; saturate a woolen rag and rub with it; it will also remove stains from clean varnished furniture.

FARM AND GARDEN.

ERGOT IN GRASS—An investigation in New York, in order to ascertain the cause of frequent diseases among neat cattle in winter time, has been examining various grasses, and finds that *ergot* not infrequently exists among them. "June grass" (*poa pratensis*) he says, when allowed to remain uncut until late in the season, contains no inconsiderable quantity. Similar grasses, especially the well-known "Whitetop," (*Dauthonia Spicata*) is often made poisonous by its presence. This grass is bad enough its best estate, having so small a quantity of phosphoric acid as to be incapable of supporting life for a long period, but when to its innutritious substance is added a poison, the result of feeding it is disease and death. The ergot is a sort of accumulative poison, taking possession of the system and gradually but surely bringing disease.

This *dauthonia* is very prevalent on exhausted soils, where no nutritious feed can grow, because the soil has no material of which to manufacture nutritious products. Hence the truthfulness of the remark of the unlettered countryman who said he had found that manure would kill whitetop "deader'n thunder."

Soils producing this variety of grass generally need an application dissolved bone, or fine ground bone meal, powdered Charleston rock, bone black, or something that will supply the wanting element, phosphoric acid. Hence our well made superphosphates are profitable when applied to such soils. But ground bone would be more economical, for that contains a higher per cent of the needed material, and is usually cheaper per ton.

If the farmer would have healthy animals, those that have smooth coats in the spring time, those that will not eat up his fences and gnaw down his barns, let him feed such substances as possess phosphoric acid in abundance, either hay or other fodder grown on phosphated land, or the raw material as it exists in powdered bone.

POULTRY MANURE.—Poultry manure is by far the most valuable fertilizer produced on farms. Fowls eat concentrated food that is rich and nitrogen and phosphorus, and their droppings partake of the nature of the food they devour. Grain, the seeds of small plants, meat, and insect produce, when decomposed by the action of the digestive apparatus, richer fertilizing material than grass, hay, and straw. Besides, birds void their urine in a solid form, and combined with the excrement, that is usually solid. As a consequence it is not liable to be wasted if the manure is rightly cared for. Poultry manure is about as valuable as the best Peruvian guano. To make it of the highest value as a fertilizer, however, it must be stored, and applied to the ground with care. Exposed to the weather it will be dissolved by rain and carried off. Placed in large heaps it heats and the ammonia is driven off and lost. Applied to the soil in too liberal quantities, especially when fresh, it is liable to destroy the vitality of seeds and to kill delicate plants. It should be stored in a dry place and in comparatively small lots so it will not be injured by moisture and not ferment. It is better to mix it with dried peat, road dust, or some other substance that will aid in keeping it dry and tend to arrest fermentation. The best results attend its use when it is well beaten up and very thoroughly mixed with these substances before it is applied to the soil. Lime and ashes should be kept from it, as they would act upon it in such a manner as to liberate ammonia.

PERIODICAL OPTHALMIA, OR MOON BLINDNESS.—This disease, to which horses are subject, is caused by constitutional disposition, or by the pungent vapors which fill the air of unclean stables. It appears as a bluish cloud in the center of the eye, the corner which gradually thickens, and an increasing inflammation of the whole organ until the horse is unable to see, when the inflammation is resolved into a free discharge, the film disappears, and temporary relief is obtained for three or four weeks more. Each attack is worse than the preceding one, until a cataract is formed and permanent blindness occurs. The treatment is to remove the causes, to avoid any irritating circumstances, to give a full dose of salts, twelve to sixteen ounces, (two ounce doses are useless,) and when the fever is relieved to maintain good health by the best of feeding, not using much corn, but more bran and linseed, and by strengthening the eyes by cold bathing and the occasional use of a lotion of one grain of sulphate of zinc in one ounce of rain-water, a little of which should be put in the eyes.

PACKING SOFT FRUITS.—The London Journal of Horticulture says quite as much pleasure has been felt upon being informed of the satisfactory condition of soft fruits after a journey, as in winning a well-contested prize at a flower show. The plan which has proved perfectly successful, and which is now invariably followed whenever fruit is sent by rail, is to wrap each bunch of grapes or fruit of other kinds in soft tissue paper, surrounding it with a slight padding of wheat bran as the fruit is placed side by side in the box. The paper is put upon the fruit in plain folds, and not twisted into hard corners, which may press into the fruit and spoil it. Much care is taken to have each fruit thoroughly enveloped in bran, which is also settled into as compact a mass as possible by slightly jarring each box upon the packing bench after the first layer is put in, and when it is quite full a sheet of paper is put upon the bran and the hinged lid closed by hooks and eyelets of copper wire, and securely corded. If this excellent old method is only done correctly all risk of failure is avoided.

BREAKING HORSES.—The wild horse, as well as others, at the Falkland Islands, are often broken in by tying them with a raw-hide halter to a post, and leaving them for several days without food or water. After long ineffectual struggles to break loose, the animals become entirely convinced of the absolute power over them of the halter, and in future become cowed and docile directly a halter or lasso is over their heads. The wild horses when broken in, are very tame and quiet to ride.

I was astonished at the facility with which the Falkland Island horse obey the rein. There is no necessity as a rule, to make them feel the bit at all, in order to turn them. Merely laying the part of the reins close to the hand against that side of the neck from which they are wanted to turn is sufficient. Well-broken horses can be turned round and in a circle by this means by a gentle touch on the neck only.

It is considered by M. Perisse that it is almost certain that the ancient Egyptians and Phœnicians used steel, if, indeed, they did not make it.

DOMESTIC.

HOW TO MAKE A POULTICE.—Dr. Brunton gives the following useful hints on this subject: The common practice of making poultices by mixing linseed meal with hot water and applying it directly to the skin is quite wrong, because if we do not wish to burn the patient we must wait until a great portion of the heat has been lost. The proper method is to make a flannel bag, the size of the poultice required, to fill this with the linseed poultice, as hot as it can possible be made, and put between this and the skin a second flannel, so there shall be at least two thicknesses of flannel between the skin and the poultice itself. Above the poultice should be placed more flannel, or a piece of cotton wool, to prevent it from getting cold. By this method we are able to apply the linseed meal boiling hot, without burning the patient, and the heat, gradually diffusing through the flannel, affords a grateful sense of relief, which cannot be obtained by other means. There are few ways in which such marked relief is given to abdominal pain, as by the application of a poultice in this manner.

HOME-MADE CANDY.—All children are fond of candy, and if pure a moderate amount is not injurious. In these days of adulteration, that made at home is safest to give them. It is a simple matter to make chocolate caramels; all that is needed is one cup of sweet milk, one cup of molasses, half a cup of sugar, half a cup of grated chocolate, a piece of butter the size of a walnut; stir constantly and let it boil until it is thick, then turn it out on to buttered plates; when it begins to stiffen, mark it in squares, so that it will break readily when cold. Cocoanut caramels are made of two cups of grated cocoanut, one cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour, the whites of three eggs beaten stiff; bake on a buttered paper in a quick oven. Nice white candy is easily made. Take one quart of granulated sugar, one pint of water; two tablespoonfuls of vinegar; boil just as you do molasses candy, but do not stir it; you can tell when it is done by trying it in cold water. Pull it as if it were molasses candy; have a dish near by with some vanilla in it, and work in enough to flavor it as you pull; put it in a cold room, and the next day you will have delicious candy.

BAKED HAM.—Lay the ham in a large pan, cover it with plenty of cold water. Let it soak over night. Rub it often next morning and cut off all the hard, black, scrappy parts. Put it into a hard enough boiler, cover it with plenty of cold water and let it heat gradually. Keep it steadily boiling once it begins. Remove the coarse scum from the water. A good-sized ham should boil five hours slowly. Try it with a knitting needle to see if it is done. Remove it from the boiler, skin it and put it back in the water to get cold. It reabsorbs some of the juice from the water, and all remains of boiled meats and poultry should be set aside for next day in liquor they were cooked in, to prevent their getting dry. Put your well-boiled ham in the oven to brown. Let the outer fat begin to crisp a little; stick in a few cloves over it and then cover either with fine bread crumbs or with a thick layer of brown sugar. This ought to make a fine glaze.

Mrs. Partington Says.

Don't take any of the quack rostrums, as they are regimental to the human cistern; but put your trust in Hop Bitters, which will cure general dilapidation, costive habits and all comic diseases. They saved Isaac from a severe extract of tripod fever. They are the *ne plus unum* of medicine.

CRAMPS.—When the cramp is in the *calves of the leg*, draw up the foot strongly toward the shin bone and in a few seconds the cramp will disappear. When they are in the *thighs or arms* tie a towel, cord or handkerchief around the limb, just above the cramped part and then rub this part with the naked hand alone or using some stimulating liniment like spirits of camphor, or red peppered whisky. The preparation may also be rubbed upon the *neck* when cramps attack this part. Cramps in the *stomach* may be checked by first strongly rubbing and kneading over the stomach and then rubbing upon and around the pit of the stomach; a mixture of equal parts of sweet oil or linseed oil, essence of peppermint, laudanum and spirits of camphor.

BRIDE'S CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, the whites of five eggs beaten to a stiff froth, one cup cold water: Mix well together; then add three cups of flour into which one teaspoon of soda and two of cream of tartar have been stirred; beat briskly for two minutes; flavor with almond and bake in a quick oven; frost the top.

ANGEL PUDDING.—Two ounces of butter, half a pint of milk, two eggs, lemon; melt the butter and mix with the sugar, then eggs, milk and flour; mix well and bake in small patty pans until nicely browned; sift a little powdered sugar over each pudding and serve with slices of lemon. Send to the table on a dish covered with a serviette.

THE CREAM FOR THE INSIDE OF THE PIE.—One and one half cups milk, when boiling add seven teaspoons corn-starch wet with cold milk; let it scald a moment, then add two well beaten eggs; sweeten to taste, and flavor with lemon or vanilla. Split the cake when cold, spread them with the cream, and put together again like jelly cake.

HOT SLAW.—Cut the cabbage fine and in long pieces, but do not chop it—use a sharp knife. Boil for thirty minutes in enough water to cover it over, season with one teaspoon of flour, stir in one egg and put in one large teaspoonful of sour cream, with pepper and salt. This is for two quarts of raw cut cabbage.

HICCUP OR HICCOUGH, may frequently be relieved by drinking a glass of cold water; by taking snuff in order to sneeze; by holding the breath as long as possible; by some person pressing upon the collar bones of the patient as hard as he can, or by drinking a small teaspoonful of dill seed.

HEARTBURN.—Take one draught of the following mixture: A teaspoonful of saleratus, chalk and magnesia in a half tumbler of warm water. Heartburn is caused by acidity of the stomach, and after being relieved will continue to return until the stomach is strengthened. Patients should be particularly careful not to overfeed themselves or drink excessive quantities of wines.

WIT AND HUMOR.

"IT is a great thing to see the spiritual truth that all nature symbolises," said she.

"So it is," said he.

"And yet enjoyment is darkened by a terrible shadow," said she.

"Hay?" he inquired.

"A terrible shadow," she repeated, "that casts a depressing reflection upon the most exuberant soul."

"Yes," replied he, "I've felt it, when I've been short on spare ribs."

"On what?" she anxiously inquired.

"On spare ribs."

"But you should be philosophical, you should imitate Pythagoras."

"Who was he?"

"He was a philosopher, an anti epicurean, but he did not go so far as the stoics."

"Where did they go?" asked the Board of Trade man, and, gazing at him in amazement, his wild Western way began to dawn upon the culchawed mind of the Boston girl, and she said:

"Take me to ma-ma."

[Nashville Daily News.]

Terrible.

Such is the term Mr. C. W. Purcell, of the National Stock Yards, Chicago, Ill., applies to his sufferings. He says: "I for one, wish to speak a word of praise for St. Jacob's Oil. I suffered with a pain in my shoulder and arm for some six months and at times it was terrible. One bottle of St. Jacob's Oil, however, cured me thoroughly.

THE other day a genuine tramp with a stomach yearning for a picked-up meal undertook to enter a yard on Winter street. A large, fierce dog stood at the gate to give him a hostile welcome, and after vainly trying to propitiate the animal the tramp called to a lad of ten who was making a kite on the veranda.

"Hey, sonny"

"Yes, I'm hay," was the reply.

"Say, bub, call off yer dog."

"No use—no use," replied the lad. "Even if you got in here ma's waiting at the kitchen door with a kettle of hot water, Sarah's working the telephone to git the police, and I'm here to holler "Murder!" and wake up the whole street!"

Two boys from Lexington, Kentucky recently succeeded in making a parrot talk through a telephone. The parrot didn't understand where the "Pretty Polly" that he heard came from, but he replied "Polly wants a cracker" in such a loud voice that the boy at the distant end of the line heard it distinctly. The parrot's cage was suspended over the instrument, so that his head was near the ear and mouth-pieces.

[Harrisburg, (Pa.) Independent.]

For five years, says Mr. J. Echter, this city, I have been afflicted with rheumatism, and for two years have had a sore on my leg the size of a silver dollar, which nothing would heal. St. Jacob's Oil cured the rheumatism and healed the sore.

REV. MR. PIPER was once called upon to marry a man to his fourth wife. As he approached the couple, he said: "Please to rise." The man wriggled about his chair a moment and finally spoke:—"We've usually sot!"

"THERE, that explains where my clothes line went to," exclaimed an Iowa woman, as she found her husband hanging in the stable.

"RULER ruin," as the boy said when he threw the teacher's ferule into the stove.

THE man who waxes strong every day—The shoemaker.

A CLOSE shave—Two per cent. per month.

Vegetine.

Six Bottles Every Spring.

SICK HEADACHE.

MINNEAPOLIS, Dec. 10, 1878.

H. R. STEVENS, Boston:

DEAR SIR,—I had been troubled with Sick Headache as often as once a week for twenty years up to March, 1872, when I thought I would try Vegetine. I took six bottles and have been troubled but very little since. I have recommended Vegetine to others with the same good results. I take a half dozen bottles every spring which keeps me all right through the year. By so doing it cleanses my blood and fortifies my system against disease for the year.

Yours very respy,
S. J. SHERMAN,
Dispensing Druggist, 424 Nicolet Av.

MINNEAPOLIS, Dec. 11, 1878.

H. R. STEVENS, Boston:

Everybody goes for Vegetine. It sells like hot cakes. CROSSMAN & PLUMMER,
Druggists,
Cor. Nicolet Av. and Second St.

Gives Me Rest and a Good Appetite.

MANSFIELD, OHIO, Dec. 14, 1878.

H. R. STEVENS, Boston:

DEAR SIR,—I have been afflicted with Rheumatism for twenty years. I heard a great deal about Vegetine, and was recommended by a physician of this city to take the Vegetine. I was so that I could not walk. Also had a terrible swelling in the leg, and I was cured by the Vegetine. Before taking Vegetine I was restless, and could not sleep. Since taking it, it has given me rest and a good appetite. I can highly recommend it for what it has done for me.

MISS E. A. VANTILBURG,
Short St.

Vegetine.

IS THE BEST

SPRING MEDICINE.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

SMALL POX is alarming increasing; vaccinate before it is too late. No fear of innoculation, virus guaranteed from healthy Durham calves. Price by mail, double points, 25 cents, 5 for a dollar. Full directions. I. H. NELSON, Chemist,
Livonia Station, N. Y.

AMUSEMENT OR PROFIT.—Ivory Enamel Photos. Instructions mailed for $1. Transforms photo to beautiful Ivorytype. Easily learned and money made teaching others. Usual price from teacher, $5. **Novelty Co.**, 13th st. and Gould Avenue, Newark, N. J.

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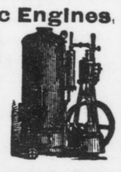
Established 1840



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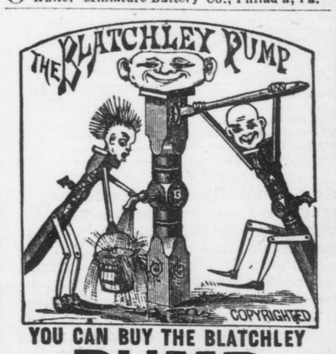

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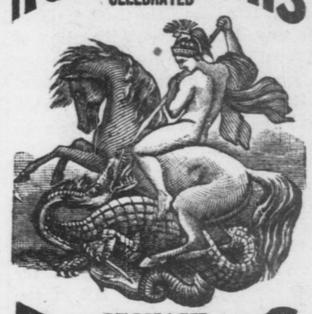

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